

Paperless Spring?

The Student Budgetary Committee (SBC) has denied Method, Hermes, Void, Historical Narratives, and Ostranenie any and all funding for the Spring semester. Why, you may ask? *Because they ran out of money.*

Yes, dear Wesleyan friends, it is only March, and yet, the SBC has run through its budget.

Negligence and mismanagement are words that come to mind.

And we editors are astounded.

Not only does running out of money halfway through the semester indicate a clear mismanagement of funds by this body, but, more egregiously, there was no attempt to reach out to a single publication on campus with this news. We see this blatant lack of communication as demonstrative of a clear lack of engagement or care from the SBC with the community they claim to serve. The fundings we asked for, which we ask for consistently every Spring have been denied to us. As publications who have consistently gone to the SBC every year around this time in order to fund our publications, we are appalled at the careless and disrespectful way which we have been treated.

The SBC's response to all this?

"You Should Have Come To Us Sooner"

It is possible, that in a Utopian fantasy, free from all restrictions of funding, planning, and price quotas that this may have been possible. But in the real world, it is not.

Printing operates under unique constraints that make it markedly different from booking a lecture or planning an event (the types of events and student organizations that the current SBC is designed to fund).

The way things are currently designed resembles a Catch-22: the SBC asks us for quotes from our printers before they commit to funding, but until we are funded it is impossible to talk specifically enough with our printers to get a quote.

Additionally, price quotes are often usually only available after publications have been finished, due to the various changes that occur during the editing and lay-out process, thus making it near impossible to ask for funding or a price quote too far in advance.

As editors, we feel two things need to happen:

1. Figure Out How To Fund Publishing This Spring. People have been working hard all semester on their publications. What would a Spring semester look like, devoid of all the wonderful publications

that make Wesleyan such a beautiful place to be? It would be tragic. A Spring without print is a hiccup in Wesleyan's historical record. All the questions that will forever remain unanswered... what will Ostranenie look like this year? What Hermes piece will inflame the ACB for days? What will Void's much anticipated second issue ever look like? Did Method really theme their issue around a 30 Rock Episode? Which new magazine would have trawled the depths of human emotion? Some of Wesleyan's magazines have been in print since 1975. Whether you realize it or not, there is a very real need for SBC to fund the sense of the zeitgeist that print provides.

2. Fix Funding Allocation Systems That Are Clearly Broken. We understand that funding-at-this University is not an unlimited resource. That being said, we do not feel that this necessitates such an unsatisfying relationship between the SBC and student publications.

As both Wesleyan students and editors, we ask for the needs and realities of printed works to be respected. Those needs have been and continue to be unique. Therefore, we feel that all the printed publications on this campus deserve special consideration. We draw our inspiration for this relationship paradigm from the current fiscal relationship between the SBC and The Argus. While we recognize that the form of a bi-weekly newspaper is vastly different from that of a magazine or journal, we do not believe that that difference is grounds to privilege one over the other. It is disheartening to find out that the Argus receives their full five-digit SBC request while Ostranenie must scrounge together their last 500 dollars out of pocket to print their bi-annual magazine. It is unfortunate that the Hermes, one of the oldest publications of its kind, must "guerrilla print" one-pagers for the second issue of their sixty-fifth volume. There are countless more complaints to be made. The point of this is not to indict the Argus, but rather to bring to light the lack of care and attention the SBC has provided to the print community on this campus. The rhetoric and tenor of comments coming from the SBC indicate a glaring misunderstanding of how a magazine or journal is made. It is time now for a conversation. It is time now for change.

THE EDITORS,

Stratton Coffman, Ostranenie
Ally Cuervo, Method
Austen Fiora

Hermes Collective
Cassandra Celestin, Void
et al.

Today in Time

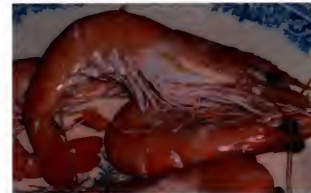
by Alex Cantrell

I spend a lot of time thinking about my place in the multiverse these days. I say multiverse not to sound nerdy or smart but because I aim to appreciate each facet of my existence—geographically, socioeconomically, genetically, my place in time—and have deduced that my existence is a lucky coincidence. Conditions are so precarious and transient, yet the extraordinary set of parameters into which I was born is reality.

Let me elaborate. Homo sapiens sapi-

ens came about close to 200,000 years ago. We were hunter-gatherers,

technological revolution, which, mind-blowingly, produced the Internet a



nomads, early settlers and agrarian nomads and finally settlers. Only 5,000 years ago, we invented the wheel. Only in the last 300 years have we begun the

mere 20 years ago (Google Search Engine debuted in 1997). We are only twenty years into a network that allows humans to do the previously unimaginable.

We are, in effect, superhuman in our ability to connect with those around us. How else besides magic could you distribute a thought to hundreds of people instantaneously?

What I mean to say is that today and now is the most exciting Earth that the world has ever known. I believe that we are right now at the beginning of a quickly steepening J-curve that represents our technological advancement. We have reached a point where *article cut short due to lack of funds*

Food Not Bombs

an ethnography
by Ditty D.

If not for the small wooden sign nesting slanted in the limbs of a tree, the circumstances for the gathering would be unclear. The sign, featuring tricolor curvise over a floral, wallpaper-like background, unpretentiously identifies the proceedings as "Food Not Bombs." Under the sign is a table upon which pots of black beans, rice and greens rest, filled to varying extents. At the end of the table are several large boxes of potatoes, eggplants and other assorted fruits and vegetables surrounded by a group of people holding plastic bags. Overall, perhaps 30 people are milling about on the street corner, some sitting and eating, others standing and chatting or looking anxiously across the street.

As its name implies, FNB is an anti-military, anti-hunger collective. They

"share" (their term) free, vegetarian food with members of the Middletown community every Sunday at one o'clock on the corner of Liberty and Main Street. The Middletown chapter is but one of thousands located around the globe, each operating entirely autonomously from all others. They are bound only through an adherence to several primary principles:



that food is a right not a privilege and should therefore be available to anyone who wants it, that food prepared by FNB must be vegetarian, and that all *article cut short due to lack of funds*

by Jay Benedith

"Don't you mean 'feminist'?"

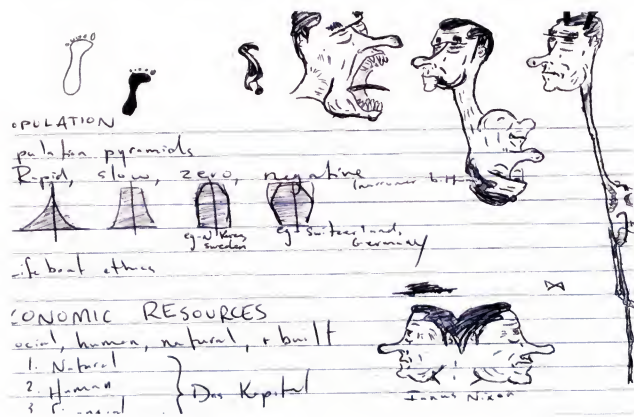
This is the question I often encounter when I tell my peers that I am a Womanist. I always reassure them that I know what I said and that what I said was what I meant to say.

To those ignorant of the concept of womanism, a Womanist is someone who loves women and appreciates women's culture and power as something incorporated within the world as a whole. There is no need to live in a woman's world that is separate from that of a man's. If we want to be equal, we must first understand and coexist with each other. Furthermore,

womanism addresses the racist and classist aspects of a generally white, upper class feminism. It actively opposes separatist ideologies; rather it seeks appreciation and understanding across socially constructed divisions such as class, race, gender, sexuality, socioeconomic background and religious beliefs.

Womanism is unique because it does not necessarily imply any political position or value system. It recognizes that women are survivors in a world that is oppressive on multiple platforms, and it seeks to celebrate the ways in which women negotiate these oppressions in their individual lives.

I am a womanist because I do not only identify as "female" but as "queer, of color, and of an immigrant, working class background." *article cut short due to lack of funds*



WHAT FEST?

The student-run Student Budget Committee failed to fund most student publications this spring.



At Least the New Mandarins are Organic

by Ditty D.

If nothing else, a Wesleyan education is said to provide valuable training in "critical thinking". And yet, considering the campus landscape, such reflection seems to be either absent or unassimilated. We have instituted "critical thinking" as a career skill for the up-and-coming specialist, another resume badge for already overqualified young workers. Given the University's success at generating well-rounded citizens and motivated employees/employers, has Adorno and Horkheimer's warning that "intellect's true concern is the negation of reification...It must perish when it is solidified into a cultural asset and handed out for consumption purposes" ever been more relevant?

Here the notion of "diversity university" has long been a running joke. The lengthy trail of tenure

denials for faculty of color becomes ever longer and institutional support for ethnic studies programs is all the more contingent. Custodians continue to be laid off, the workloads for the rest unconscionably increased as the president collects his \$535,000 and sets about to somehow get the endowment over 600 million. Next door, the progressive food service company is too busy printing sustainability pamphlets to notice the shipments of factory-farmed meat being unloaded from trucks. It's true

that Wesleyan's natural sciences are great, unless you are a zebra finch in a biology lab, in which case your unmourned and merely tabulated death gives fresh significance to the cliché "knowledge is power."

Thoughtful students



IMAGE CREDITS

front page, from top to bottom: Anonymous, Ashlin Aronin, Ross Levin.

back page, clockwise from

top: Harry James Hanson, Marjorie Hunt, Hannah Rubin, Avivi Aviva Markowitz

join the collective: wesleyanhermes@gmail.com

You Are What You Eat

by Ross Levin

I try to explain to my friends what I'm feeling. I don't think they get it. But my head is lazy and weighted, dipping off to one side as if falling asleep—suggesting seriousness.

"I feel like I smoked a blunt, then had epic sex, came, and am now flaccid on top of a water bed -- limbs sprawled."

All the tension in my body is released and for a few seconds I can feel gravity for the first time. I am heavy. A leaden caricature of my former self.

But that's not really how I feel.

"No, I'm not in a water bed. Rather, I am in a post-orgasm, corporeal deadlock, about to be gently plucked from my bed

by some invisible hands, hands that felt like cashmere, and have been placed inside a burrito. The burrito is full of fresh guacamole with just the right amount of limejuice and I am evenly centered in its fold. My hands and feet nearly touch each corner. Underneath me is a warm, sizzling grill that subsumes silence -- the kind of sizzle that you can get lost in, like your ear up to a seashell. Above me I am being pressed by a warm spatula. A gentle press, the kind of pressure you would feel only during sex."

My friends are reacting differently.

"Maybe it's not a burrito article cut short due to lack of funds"

Body Press

by Stratton Coffman

In the lines between space, the pixels deformate on that expanse opposed on every side, above, under, front and back, and around—around in the half-asleep sense, like that twisted taxonomy of body pressing that grows from the neat compression of tongue

pressed against front tooth in the mind absence (or inbetweenness) of daydreams, the sustained contact of tooth and tongue that jolts out to the pressing of face and mouth, elbow and table, table and earth surface, earth surface and calcified bodies of yore. One compression represents all others, jumps instantly from case to type, and carries in its perfect interlocking of opposed muscular and dental

forces the genetic map of all possible configurations. Eating the map, the body, seeing itself, strikes out of itself the body self and fractures into flesh and other bodily texts that all tumble continuously through time in a confluence of malformations. The first body

who are you?

groupings of those lesser on which to practice the technologies of pressing. In pressing houses, the lesser are massaged with angry intent by the Nice practitioners. Their angry intent drives all other practices of the pressing house, arranging the beds and bodies

(both lesser and Nice) and orthogonal splints of the house concentrically in vertical

press of this kind cannot be taught nor worked and picked at, as much as the Nice People have tried to capture it by pressing it onto their minds directly and awake and, more recently, as much as they have organized satellite

tical stacks around the penetrative core of itself so that each becomes a display for the apparitions of a virtual body pressing that so resembles the super-intuitive version that the Nice misarticle cut short due to lack of funds

Why have all these articles been cut off after 200 words?

MAYBE BECAUSE THE SBC DENIED US OUR SPRING FUNDING BECAUSE THEY RAN-OUT OF MONEY-MAYBE BECAUSE WE CAN BARELY FIT EVERYTHING ONTO THIS PAGE IN THE FIRST PLACE-MAYBE BECAUSE WE ARE PAYING OUT OF POCKET TO EVEN PRINT THIS ONE (BEAUTIFUL) PAGE-MAYBE

BECAUSE WE ARE MAKING A POLITICAL STATEMENT-MAYBE BECAUSE WE ARE TRYING TO PERSEVERE IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT-MAYBE BECAUSE WE ARE JUST FUCKING WITH THE PREFROSH. This Hermes guerilla issue is brought to you by students who care, for students who care. If you care about

